

CONFESSIONS

FROM THE

BATHROOM





Confessions From The Bathroom

Written and Illustrated By:
Martin Riskin

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CONFESSIONS FROM THE BATHROOM

I admit it.

I admit that I think about bathrooms. I think about going to the bathroom, and what's more, I think about what goes on in the bathroom. Isn't that shocking?

A lot goes on in a bathroom that nobody wants to talk about. Some people won't even admit they go to the bathroom, much less discuss it.

I say, since everybody visits a bathroom at least twice every day, a lot of things must be going on. Nobody is willing to talk about it. It's a cover-up that makes the Watergate stonewall look like a wading pool.

The bottom line here is, a lot of funny things happen in a bathroom, and I'm here to tell about it. The result is the most riotous, ribald and embarrassing collection of dumps you've ever read.

More than enough to fill a book actually.

Every once in a while, each of us experiences a Perfect Dump. It's rare, but a thing of beauty in all respects. You sit down expecting the worst, but what you get is a smooth sliding, fartless masterpiece that breaks the water with the splashless grace of an expert diver. But that's not the end of it. You use some toilet tissue only to find that it was totally unnecessary. It makes you feel that all's right with the world and you are in perfect harmony with it.





THE PERFECT DUMP

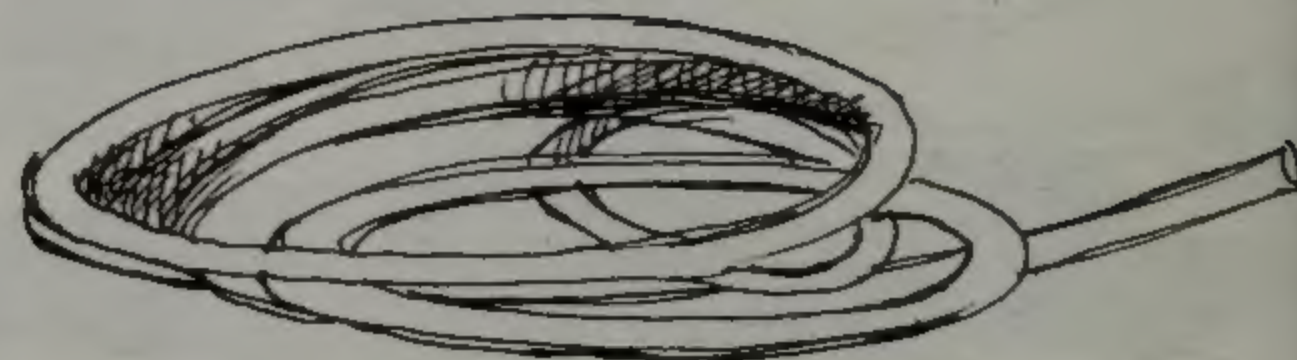
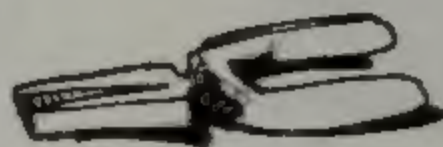
Talk about nasty dumps.
Depending on the dumper's
tolerance, The Beer Dump is
the end result of too many
beers. It could have been 2
or 22, it doesn't matter. What
you get is a sinister, lengthy,
noisy dump accompanied by
a malevolent fog that could
close a bathroom for days.





THE BEER DUMP

Long, curly and perfectly formed like 2 feet of E13 telephone co-axial cable. It loops lazily around the bowl, like a friendly serpent. You wonder admiringly, "Did I do that? Where did it come from?" You leave the bathroom pleased with yourself.

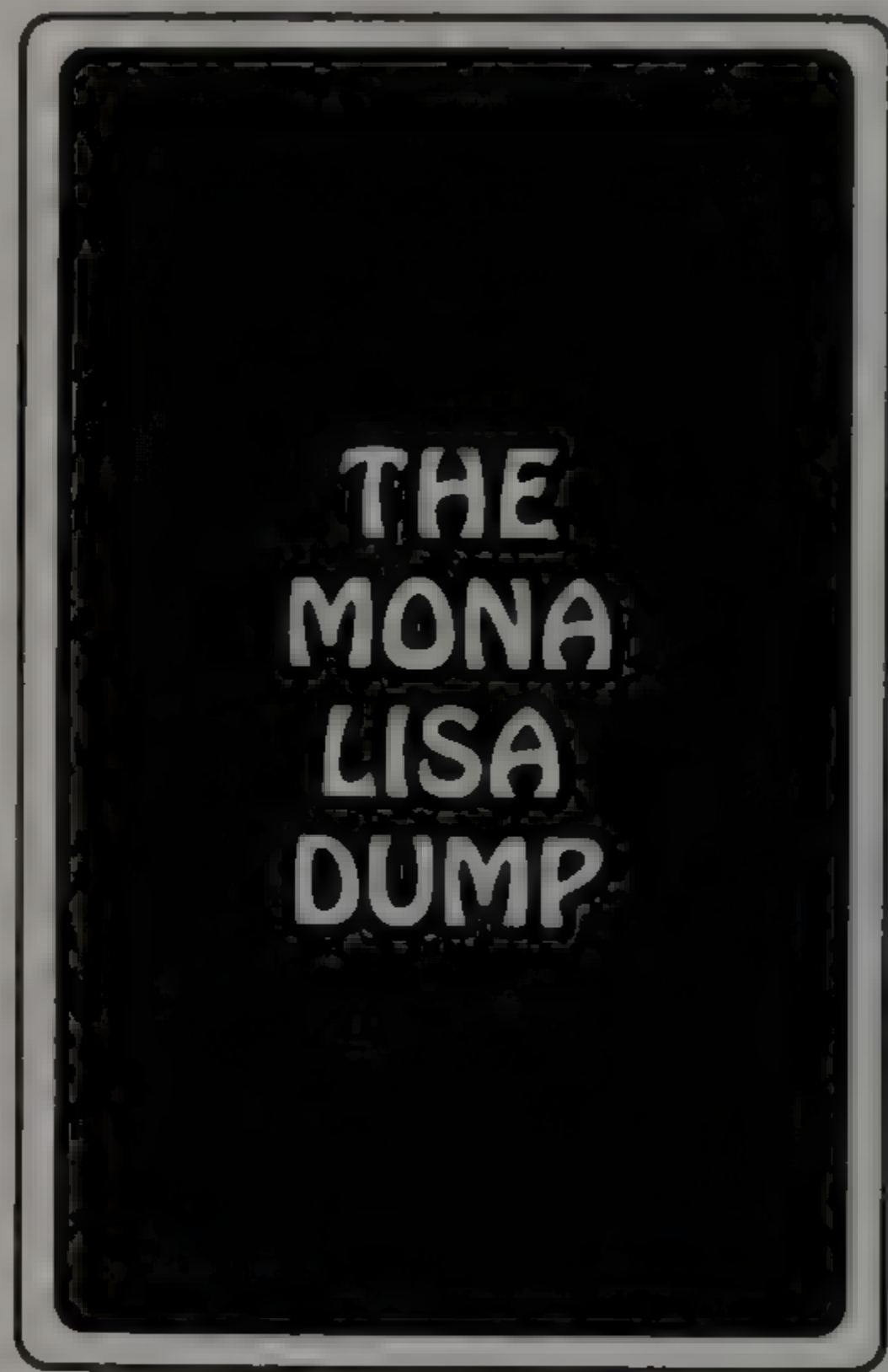




THE CABLE DUMP

This is the masterpiece of dumps. It's as perfectly formed as it can be. Delicate and slender with intricacies that would make da Vinci weep. And just think, you made it yourself. You may even want to break out the polaroid, but maybe that's going a bit too far.





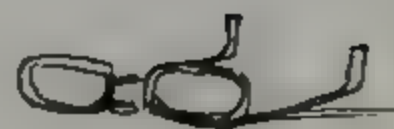
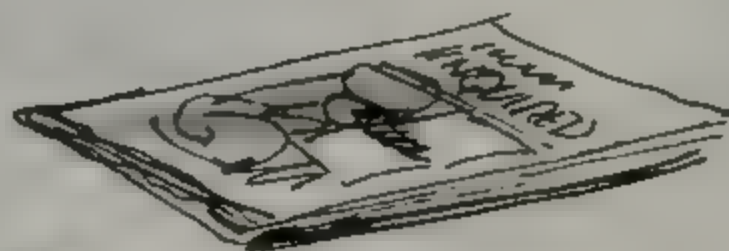
You're done... You reach for the toilet paper only to discover that empty cardboard cylinder. A mild panic begins coldly in your throat. You could use the curtains... No, someone would say, "Where are the curtains?" Then what would you say? The rug?... Too cumbersome. Then you must come to the same conclusion that every "empty roll dumper" must face... Pull up your slacks, tighten your tush and wriggle to the nearest full roll.





THE EMPTY ROLL DUMP

You're going to be in there for a long time, so rather than count swan beaks on the wallpaper, you bring some reading material; as much as you feel is necessary, depending on the difficulty of the dump. If you leave the reading material, say, on a little table, it soon grows into a respectable library.





THE LIBRARY DUMP

You send the dump on its way.
It drops like a depth charge into
the bowl, creating a column of
cold bowl water that washes
your bottom with a startlingly
unpleasant shock. Now you're
wet and embarrassed. Blot
instead of wiping.





THE SPLASH BACK DUMP

Pain, that's what this dump and childbirth have in common. It's simply a case of too much dump trying to go through too small a hole, and there's no obstetrician to help.





THE CAESAREAN DUMP

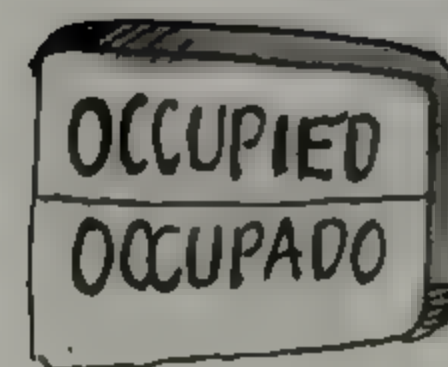
Thankfully, this dump doesn't happen very often, but once in a while we all have to grapple with a dump so tough, so stubborn that you get really red in the face applying enough pressure to force it out. It feels like either your top or your bottom will explode. Usually, your sphincter gives first, Thank God.





THE
MY HEAD
MIGHT
EXPLODE
DUMP

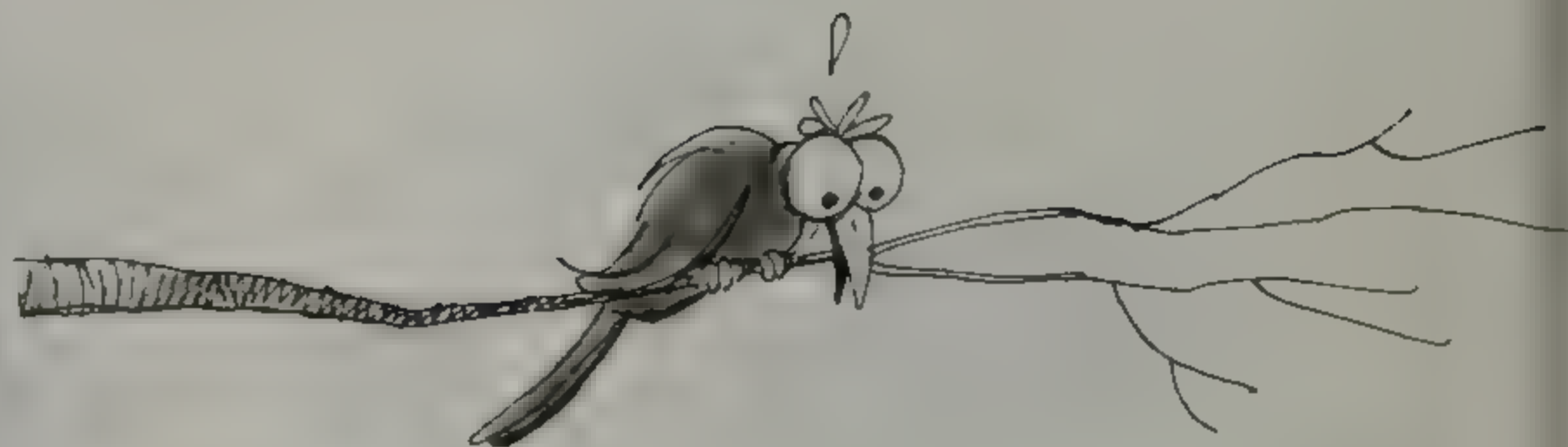
You're in-flight and the coffee and croissants have caught up with you. You join the 14 other airline breakfast victims standing in line for an In-Flight Dump. Aside from the obvious discomforts associated with the lavatory on an airplane, the most striking feature of the whole event is there is no water in the hopper until you flush. So your dump just lies there in an awful looking pile, like what a dog did on the sidewalk. And they don't give you a pooper scooper, either.





THE IN-FLIGHT DUMP

Everyone has had to go outdoors from time to time. This can be a rather pleasant experience, really. The open air, nature, and a good bush all contribute to the peaceful ambience that our primitive forefathers must have enjoyed. What can screw up this harmonious interlude is a troop of Brownies or a patch of poison ivy.





THE ALFRESCO DUMP

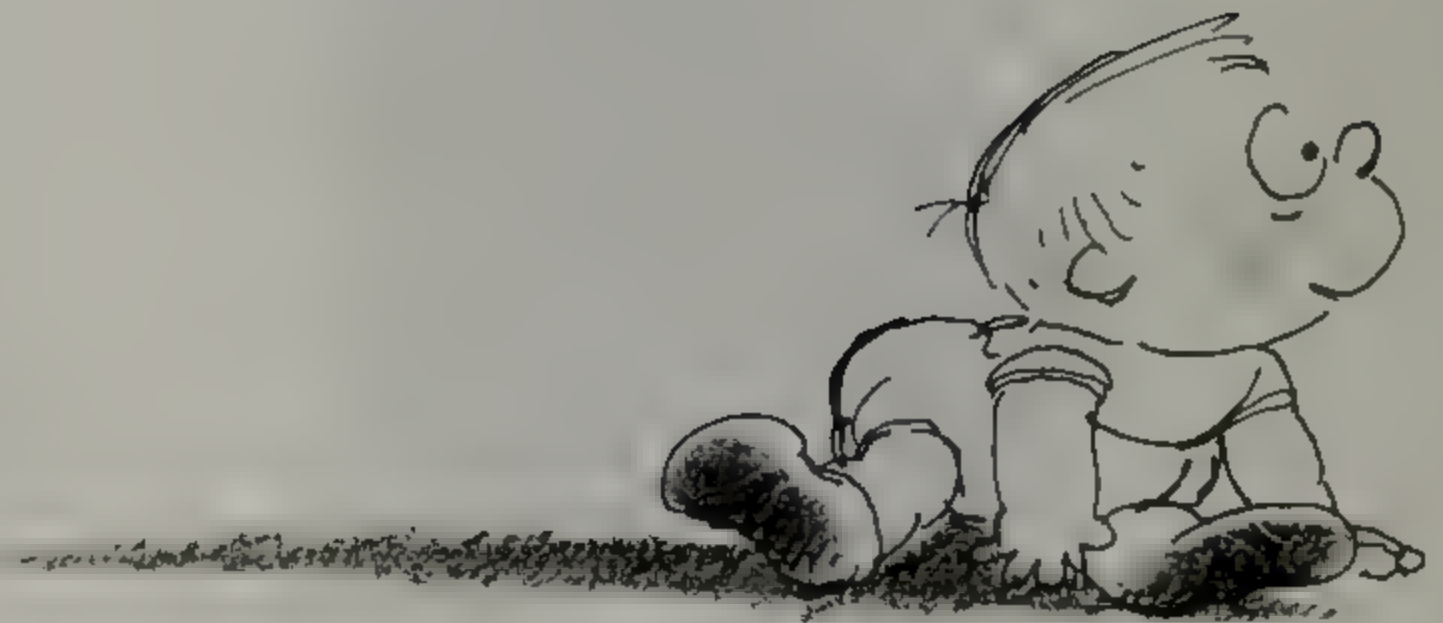
This is a dump that is simply too big to go through the aperture provided by nature for the purpose. You sit there, thinking over your dilemma. First, it hurts, and it isn't going to get better. You wonder if you'll ever see your loved ones again. You imagine newspaper headlines screaming "Man Dies Trying to Hatch Monster Loaf!" You realize you'll have to resolve the crisis before you leave the bathroom. Basically there are only three things you can do: 1. Scream 2. Call an Obstetrician or 3. Hope like hell you have enough vaseline to get you through it.





THE CHILDBIRTH DUMP

The toddler does a neat dump in his training pants. The toddler thinks it's wonderful. It's soft and sticky, but the real joy is that it's homemade. So, the toddler reaches into his pants takes the dump out and plays with it for a while. Then one of his parents says from the other room..."It's too quiet in there. What're you up to?" The toddler gets guilty and hides the dump. You find it 15 years later in an old pair of galoshes at the back of a closet you're cleaning out.





THE TINY-TOT DUMP

Hot when it goes in, and rocket
fuel when it leaves. The Chili
Dump stays with you all day,
making your tush feel like a heat
shield.





THE CHILI DUMP

In case you didn't know, a latrine is a hole in the ground with a tent around it where soldiers, boy scouts and flies go to dump. Tip: Don't ever, ever, look in the hole.





THE LATRINE DUMP

You are in mid-dump and the phone rings. What do you do? Abort, that's what. Pinch it off, go for the phone, and save the rest for later. It isn't pretty but you've gotta do what you gotta do.

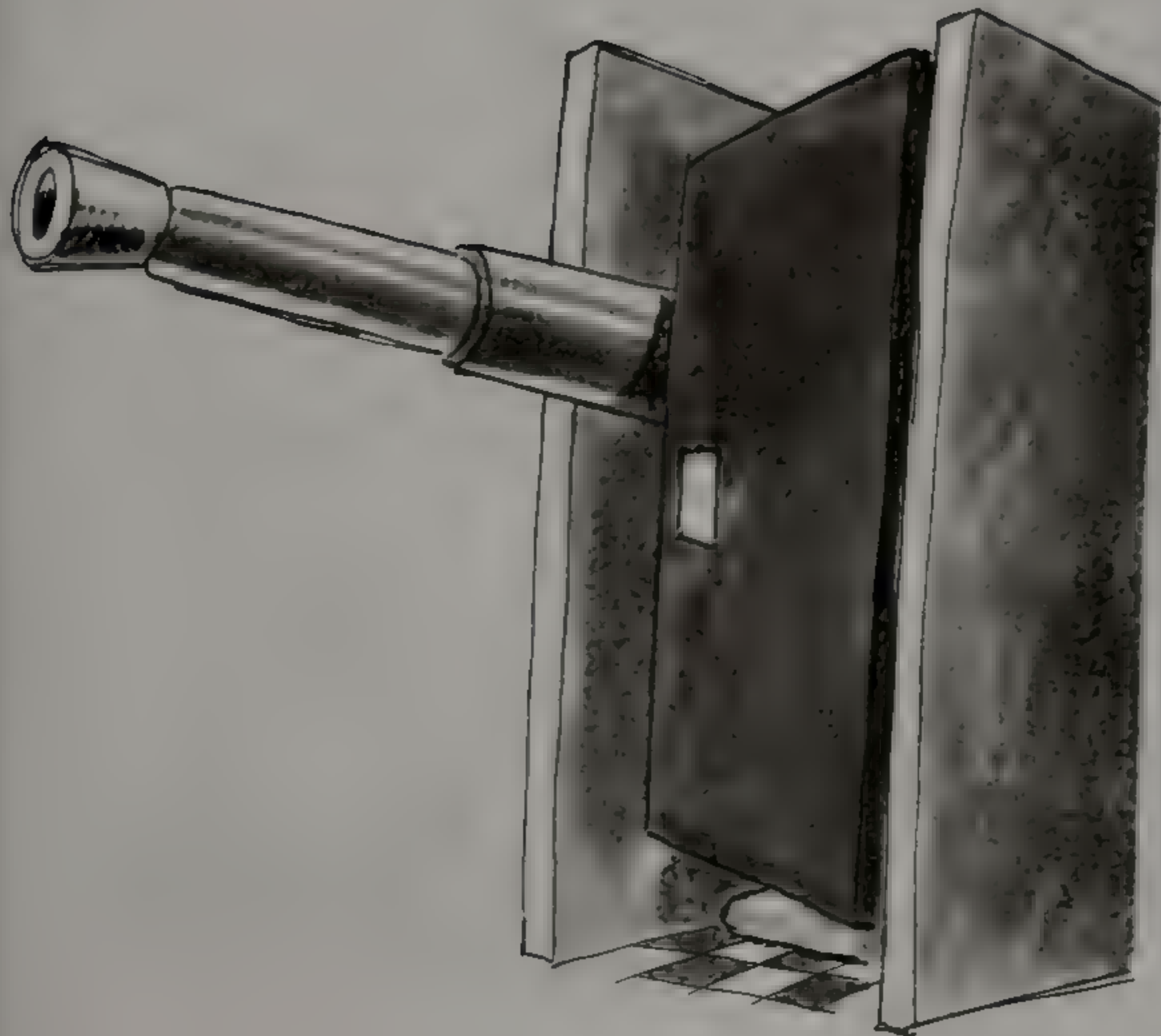




THE ABORTED DUMP

Every stall is filled. You're in the middle one trying to do your business quietly and get a move on out of there because there are people outside waiting to use your stall. Everything is relatively quiet, I mean aside from the fidgeting noises and toilet rolls being used and wiping noises. Suddenly, your dump explodes with a sharp report that sounds like the big cannon in the "Guns of Navarone". It's embarrassing, but it's just a Howitzer Dump. You wish there were an escape route down the pipes and into the sewer, but there isn't. You'll have to go out there and face them.





**THE
HOWITZER
DUMP**

The phrase "Shit Happens" really applies here in a big way. When the ice in your tainted margarita makes contact with your lower intestinal tract, the fun begins. For the next 72 hours you'd probably be better off if you carried your own portable toilet with you because you will spend most of that time on the pot and the rest of the time in a fetal position. Now you realize why Mexico never had a navy.

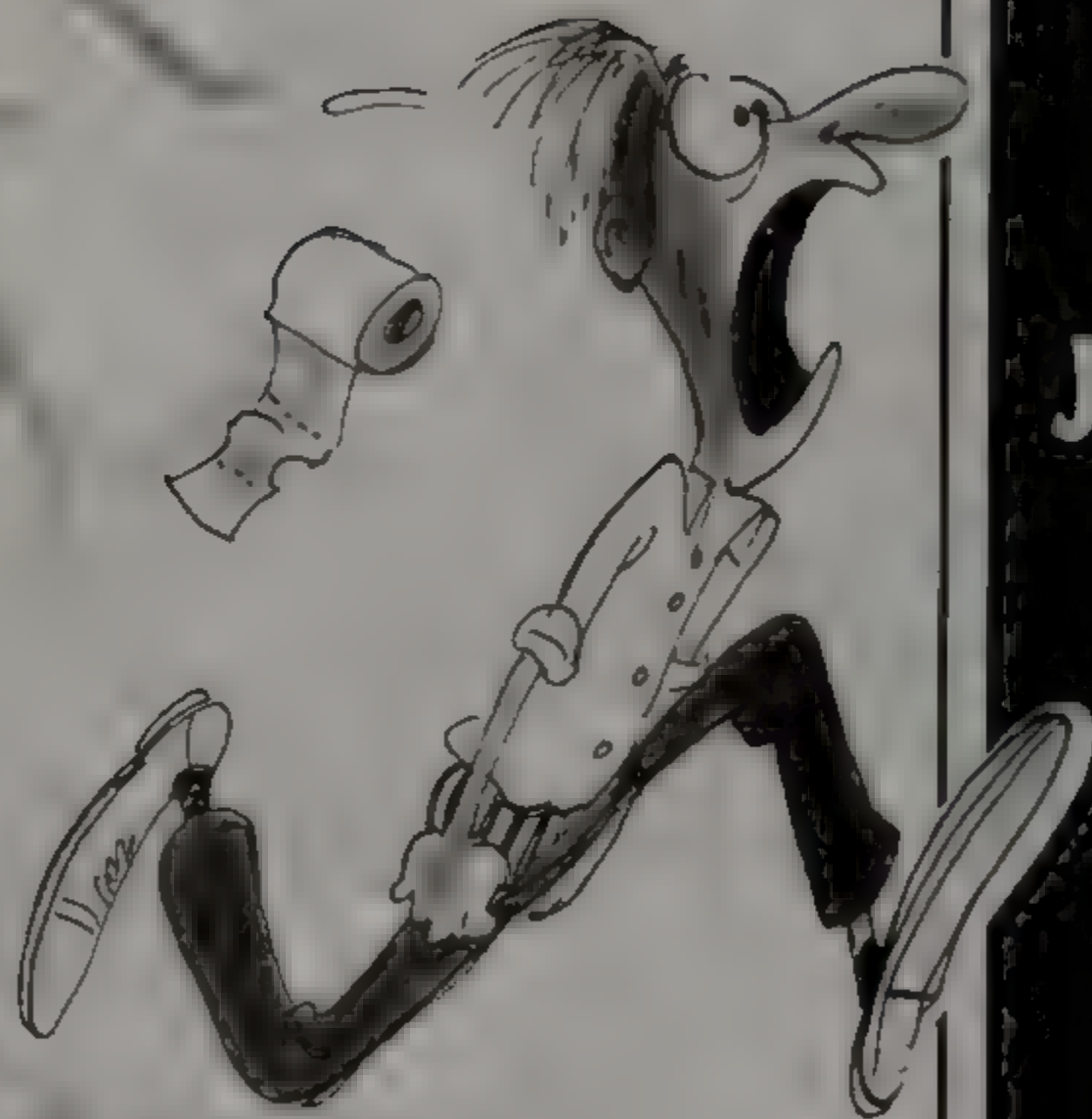




**THE
TIJUANA
TROT
DUMP**

You do an industrial strength dump which requires some major wiping and then flush the entire pile. Suddenly, the whole mess begins to boil up the bowl toward you. If there is no plunger in the bathroom, it's best to run like hell.





**THE
JOHNSTOWN
FLOOD
DUMP**

You're just sitting there in a state of sublime peace when all of a sudden you emit a group of noisy gassy bursts that break the silence like machine gun fire. The guy in the next stall hits the floor like a combat veteran cradling his umbrella like an M-16. Damn commies.

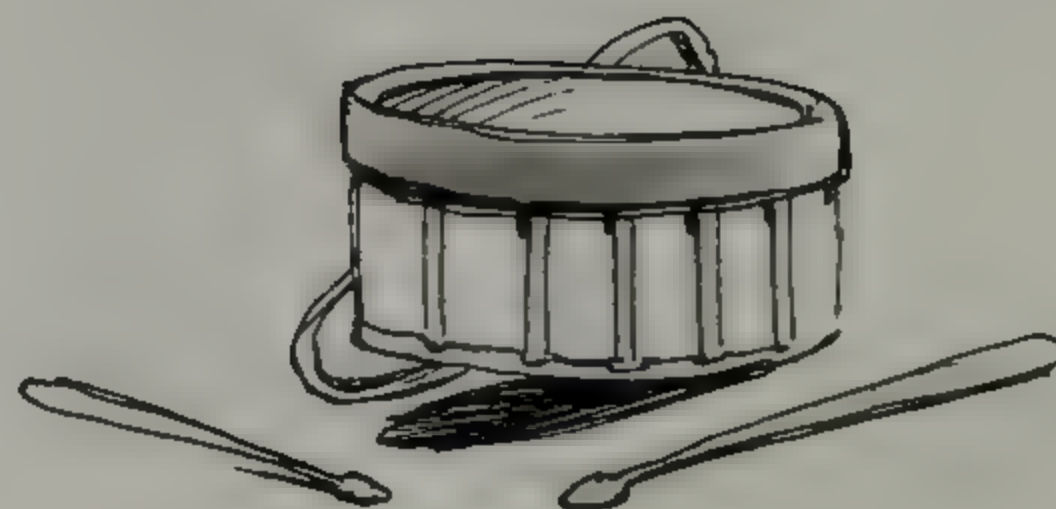




THE MACHINE GUN DUMP

You feel a noisy one coming on. Relatives, friends or work-mates are within earshot, so you must employ some clever techniques to cover the disgusting sounds you are about to emit. Timing is obviously very important here. At the precise moment of release, try the following sound effects:

1. Flush the toilet
2. Sing the first two stanzas of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" or
3. Drop a handful of quarters on the floor.





THE SOUND EFFECT DUMP

You go, and you've really gassed out the place. So, you reach for the English Lilac 'n Pine Forest Air Freshener spray can and spray the whole joint. Now the place smells like The Redwood Forest. Who do you think you're kidding?



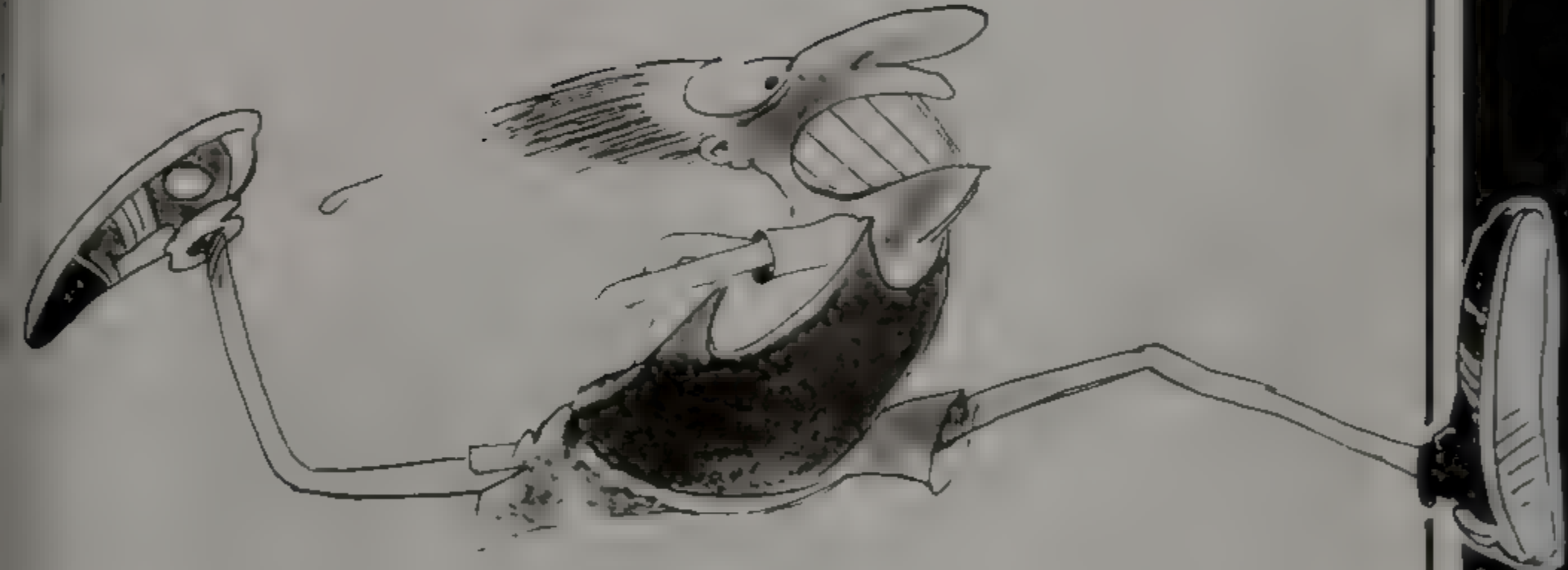


THE DEODORANT DUMP

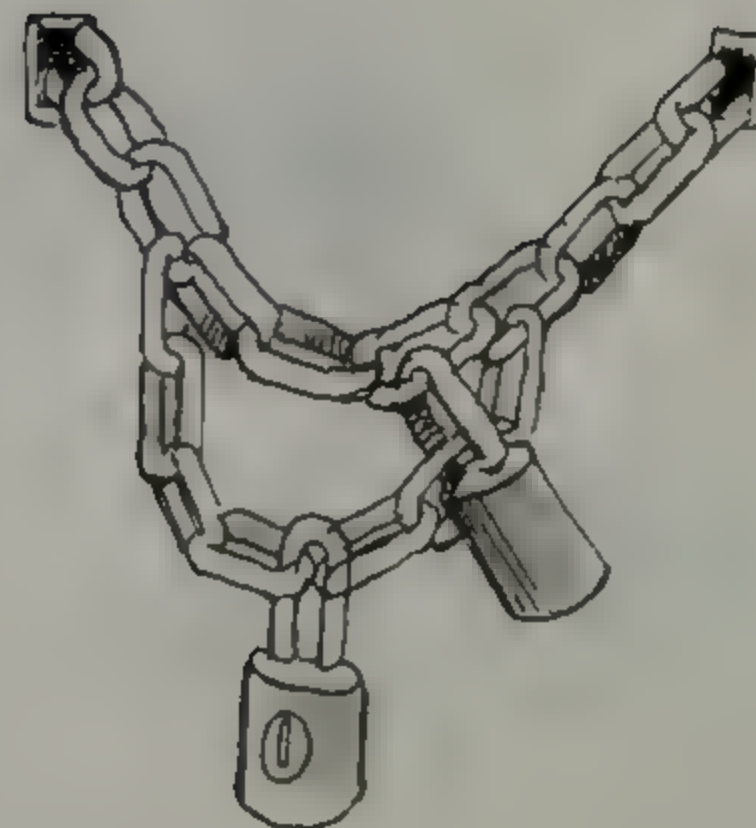
You're running along, and the rhythmical bouncing motion of your stride acts on your intestines, activating them into a serious dump mode. So now your run takes on a significantly different meaning. You are now pitted against time and nature. If you run faster, your spasms will get worse, and if you slow down, you'll never make it home in time. Give up running or give up dumping.



THE RUNNER'S DUMP



You have enough on your mind when you're in the bathroom without worrying about a lockless door and someone bursting in to find you in mid-dump mode. So, how can you prevent this embarrassing spectacle from taking place? One way is to strategically place your foot against the door. If you can't do this, hum loudly.

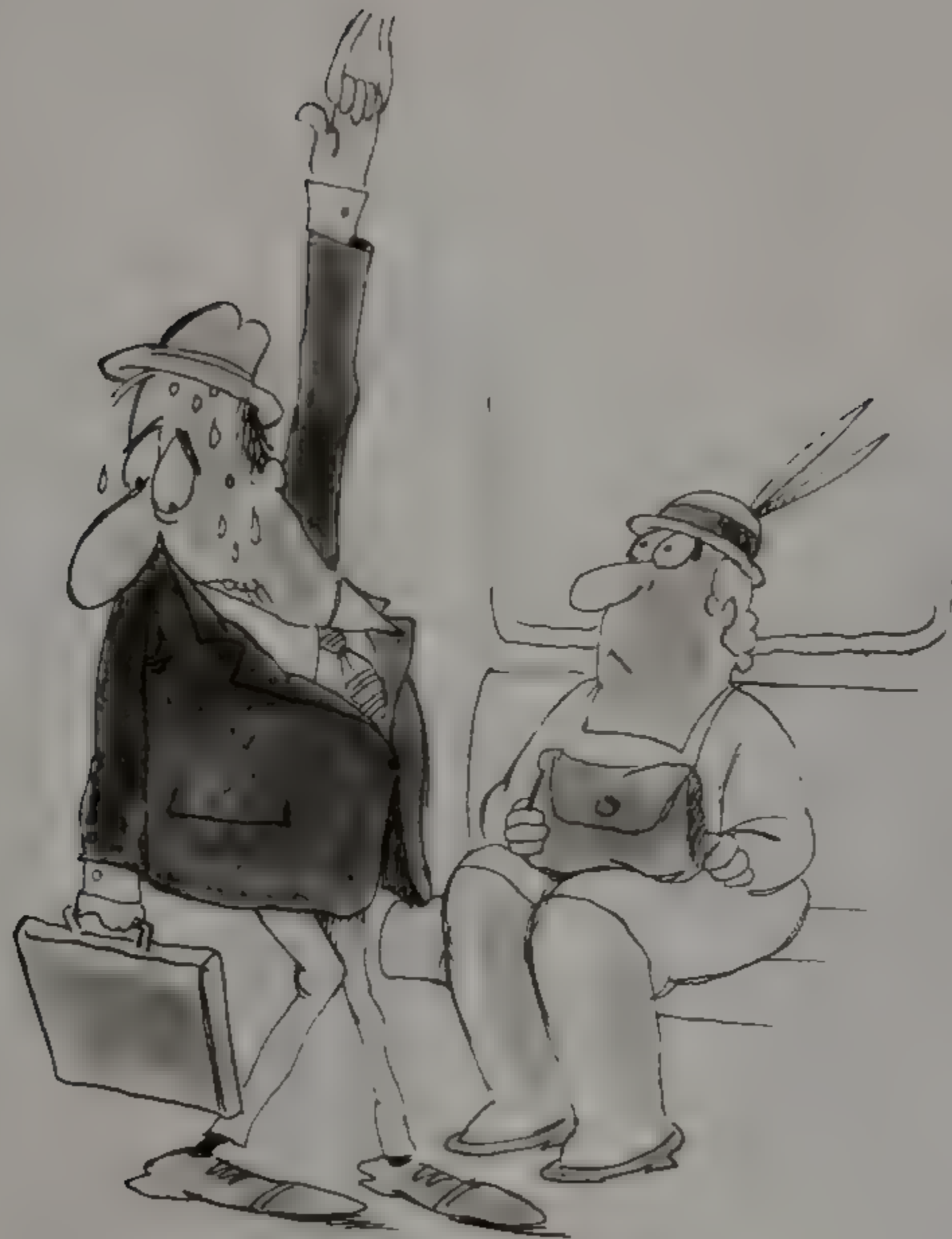


THE SECURITY DUMP



You're in a cab or in an elevator, minding your own business, when you feel a little ripple of gas flutter its way innocently down to your tush. You hold it gently, not wanting to release it until you reach open air, but it sneaks out quietly. You realize immediately that something is drastically wrong because you feel warmth and moisture below. You have experienced a Surprise Dump. Now, you've got to get to a bathroom fast and spend the rest of the day without your underwear. Have a nice day.





THE SURPRISE DUMP

Corn for dinner tonight? Niblet Dump tomorrow. I remember my first Niblet Dump. I thought my stomach must have gone on vacation or something. Two cute little loaves all polka dotted with undigested corn niblets. The green giant's revenge, I guess.





**THE
NIBLET
DUMP**

Some unfortunate person goes into the bathroom after you've just left and says, "My God, what did you do in here?" What you did was an Environmental Protection Agency Dump. It's so bad looking you think it'll surely rot the pipes. It smells so foul that it could drop a moth in mid-flight. The bathroom should be sealed for at least 48 hours. The government may have some guidelines regarding this dump.





THE
E.P.A.
DUMP

How does one describe a Turnpike Dump? As simply as possible, it's going to the bathroom where 50,000 motorists have dumped before you... this morning. With all that dumping there's bound to be problems, and believe me, there are. Unless it's an emergency, I'd just get a map and some gas and be on my way.



REST ROOMS

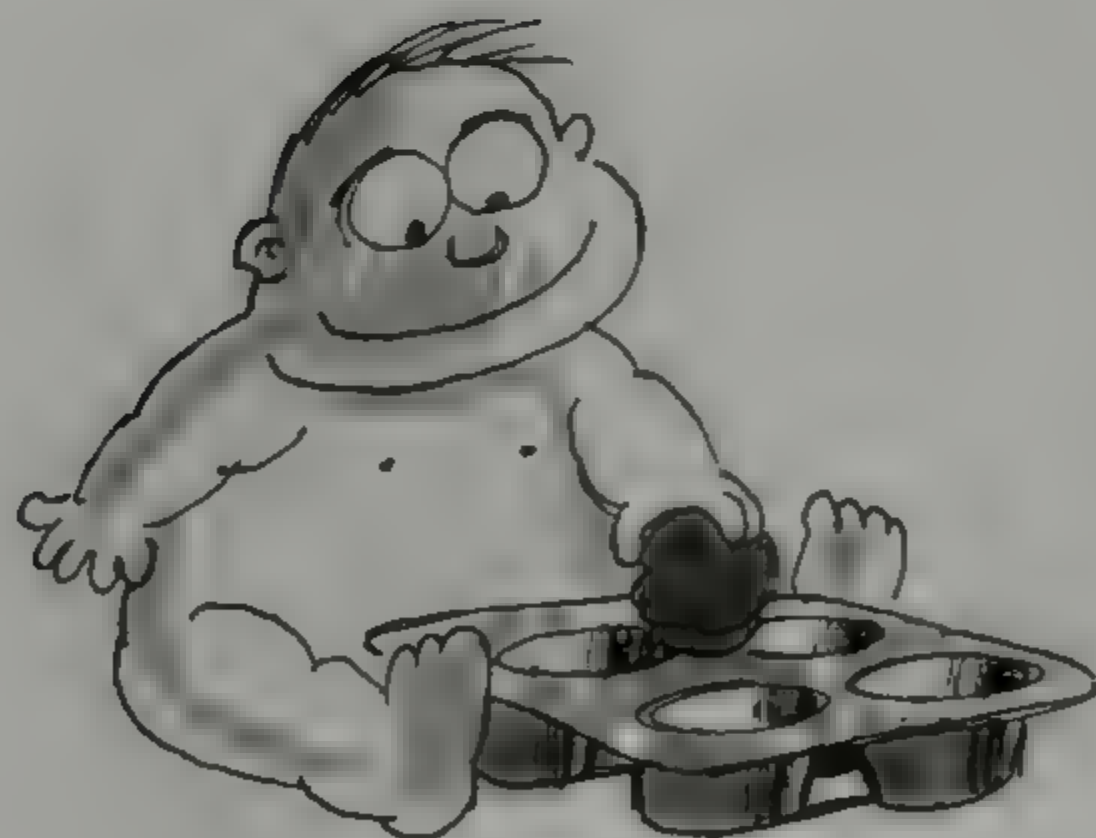
PIT STOP
GIFT SHOP

WOMEN

THE
TURNPIKE
DUMP

Baby makes a regular dump and goes on about his baby business, crawling, sitting, rolling and such. The dump acts like a piece of damp clay, changing shape everytime baby does something with his tush. When baby's diaper is eventually changed, what falls out of the diaper is a thing that looks like one of my Aunt Sophie's bran muffins.





**THE
DIAPER
MUFFIN
DUMP**

For the most part you've completed your dump, but there's one little morsel that refuses to drop off. You're getting impatient. Someone else wants to use your stall. So, you grip the seat with both hands and wriggle, twist, pump; but that last little stubborn piece just hangs there, suspended, clinging like a canned peach between you and the bowl water. Maybe the person pounding impatiently on the door has scissors.





THE CLING-ON DUMP

You go, then you stand up to flush, and the darn thing has disappeared! Where'd it go? Did it creep down the pipe? Did you dream the whole thing? Is it lurking just out of sight? Should you wipe? Maybe you should, to make sure you went. Should you flush? You'd better, because if you don't you know it'll reappear and smile at the next person who comes in.

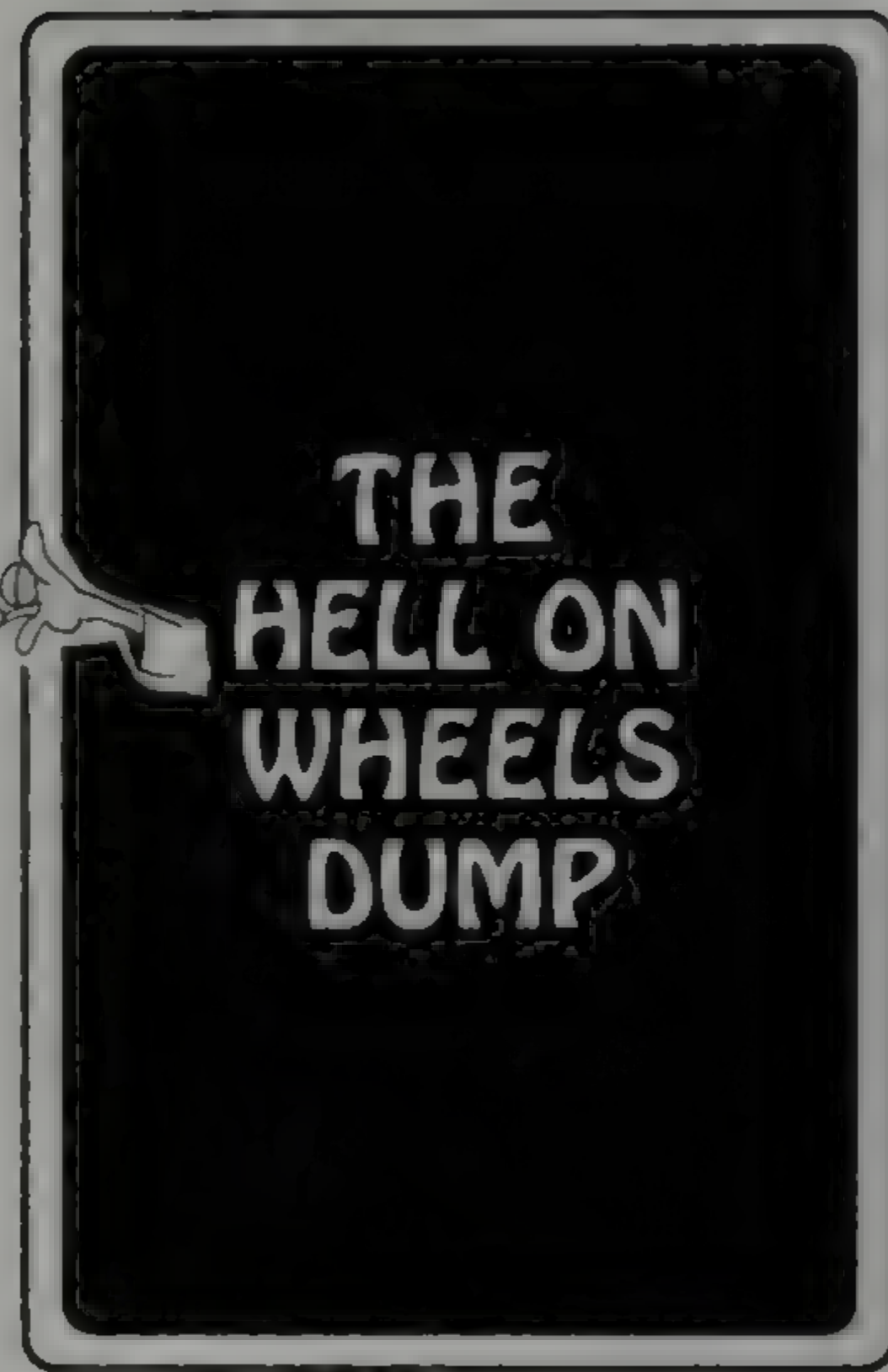




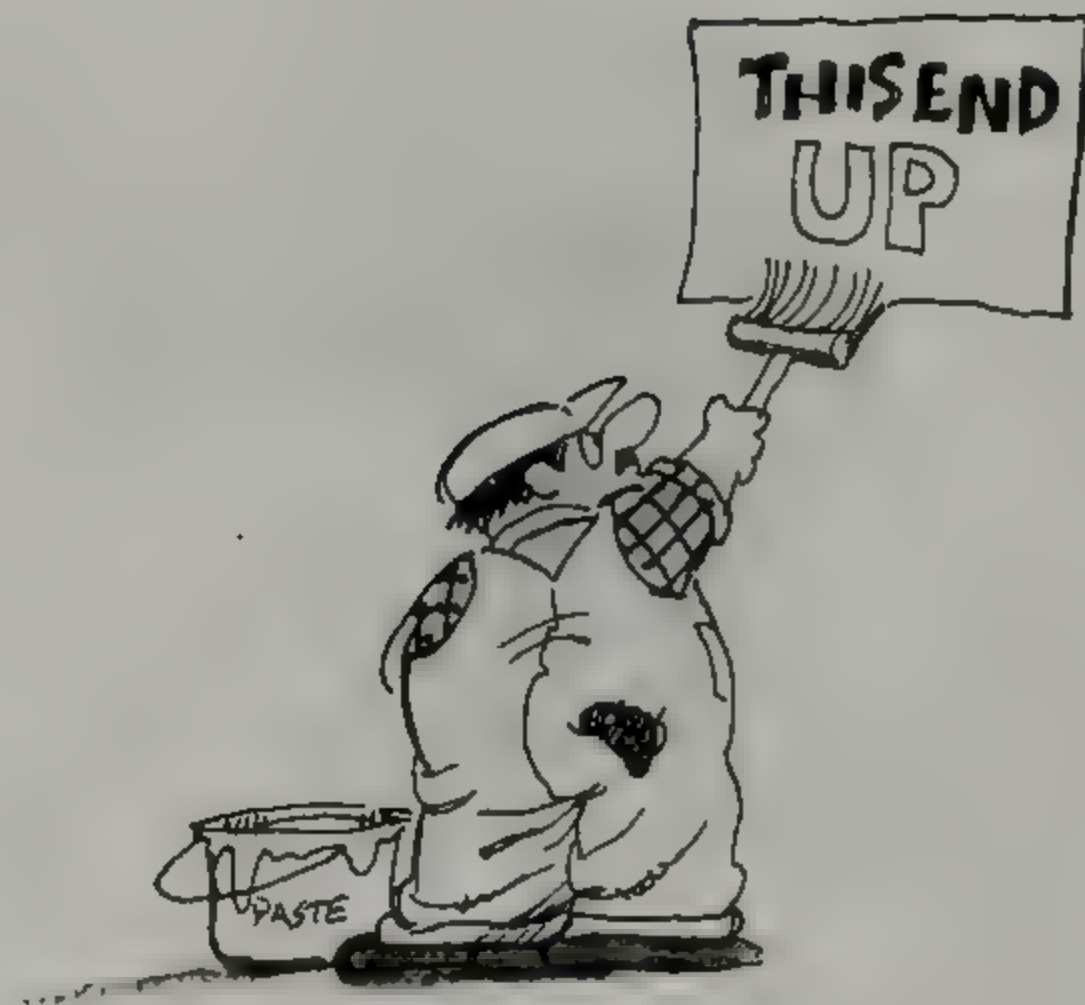
THE HOUDINI DUMP

Stuck in traffic after having 3
cups of coffee and a raisin bran
muffin.





You feel so bad that you don't know which end of you to put down first. You have roaring cramps, so you sit down. Then a wave of nausea rolls over you like a cold fog, so you stand up. Then the cramps squeeze your intestines like a vice, so you sit down again. Up, down, up, down. Do you wish your mommy were close by?





**THE
FLO
DUMP**

Construction workers and outdoor concert goers will tell you about going in a portable toilet. My best description would be, it's like taking a shit in an upright coffin. It's claustrophobic, and it smells bad. Best advice, go in a paper cup.





THE PORTA- POTTIE DUMP

Born from nacho cheese, guacamole and tortilla chips, the After Burner Dump is a 5 alarm nightmare. It sits there boiling the inside of your intestines until you release it frantically. Then it leaves its rocket fuel afterglow which will send you to a cold shower for relief.





THE AFTER- BURNER DUMP

The scene is a public toilet... You've got to go, but there's no toilet seat, or the seat is so dirty that the flies won't even land on it. It's too late to go anyplace else, so you must employ a squat dump. You must bare your derriere, take a pose resembling a desperate football lineman, and making sure your tush is properly lined up with the bowl - you aim and let go, hoping your slacks don't get in the way.





THE SQUAT DUMP

In the beginning, the Lord created the earth, the sky and the firmament; but I hope he didn't create this dump because there is nothing biblical about it.

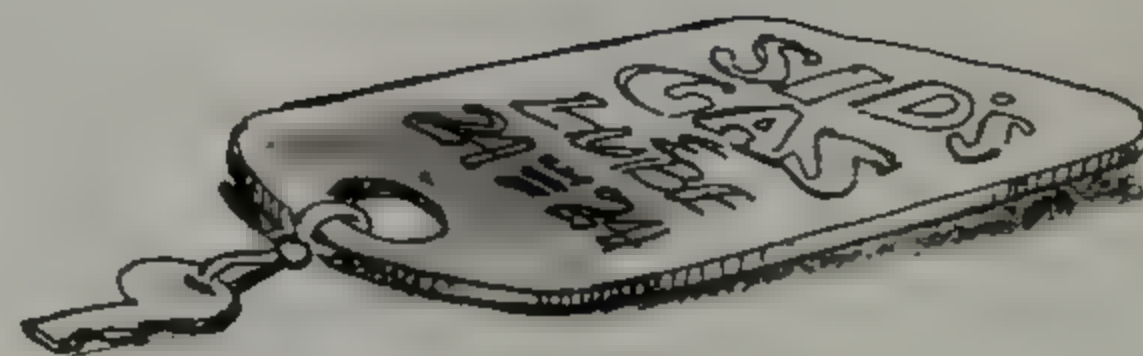
In the beginning, it starts out as a normal movement, so you get on with it, and then you run out of gas. That's right, you run out of propulsion. The dump is right there at the end of your barrel and refuses to go any further. You grunt, you squeeze, you wriggle but it just stays there like a lump of lead. You've only got two choices here. One is to squeeze the damn thing back up your intestine and wait until next time. The other is to pretend you're a proctologist and go after it yourself. Not a pretty picture, is it?





**THE
PROCT-
OLOGIST
DUMP**

This one starts when a cigar chewing, wrench wielding, jumpsuited monkey with "Mitch" embroidered on his oily pocket hands you an oversized neon, plastic tagged restroom key, and it goes down hill from there. You have to carry that key, which acts like a poster advertising the fact that you have to go to all the other patrons waiting for gas. Then what you usually find is a suspiciously dank, poorly lit, foul smelling, tiled nightmare of a room. No toilet paper and cold running water - if you are lucky. You get on with what you're there for quickly, hoping no one busts in on you, and leave. No wonder no one wants to talk about it.





THE GAS STATION DUMP

No matter how much you wipe, it doesn't seem to be enough. You blow the whole roll and you have to flush 25 times, too. The whole episode is an exercise in consumer waste.

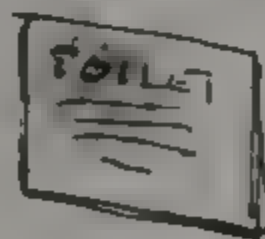
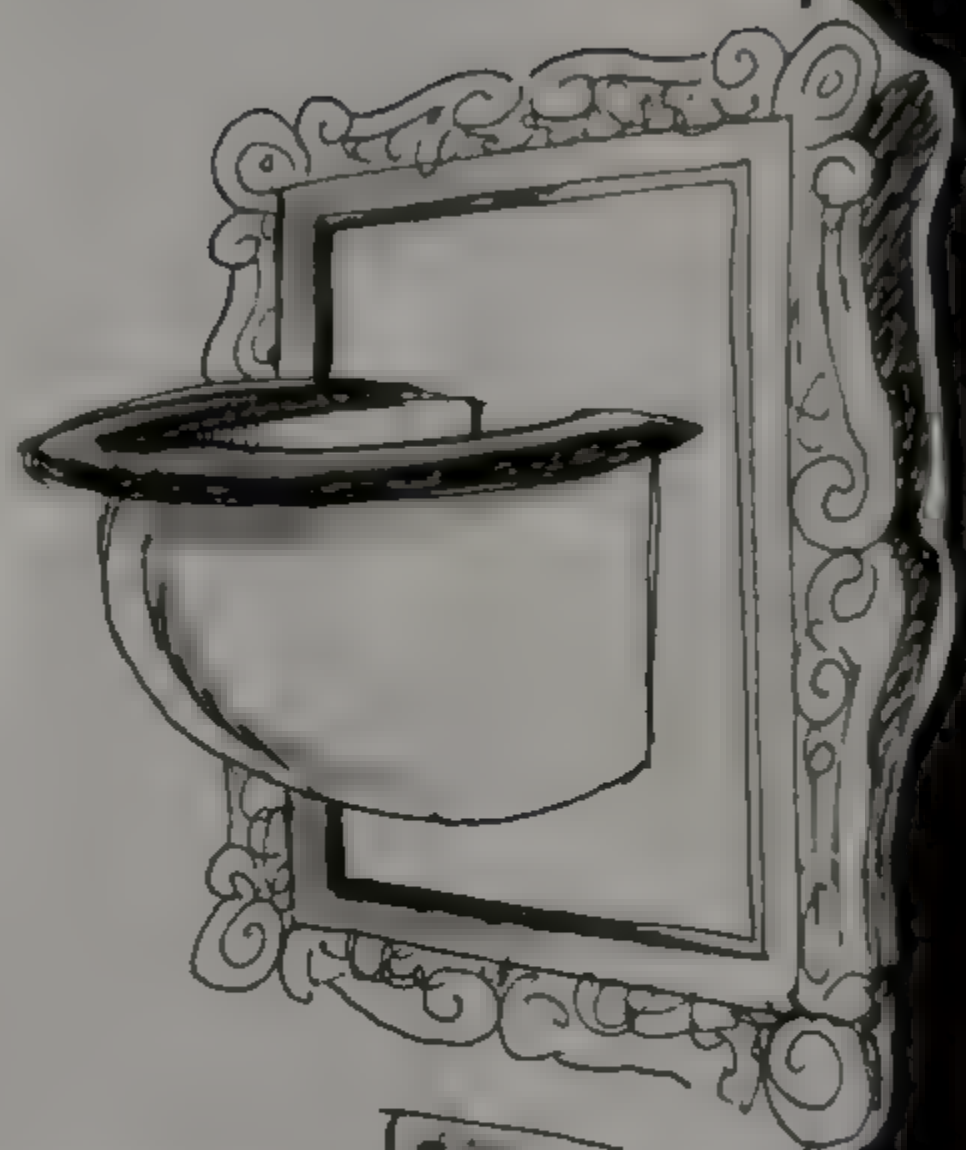
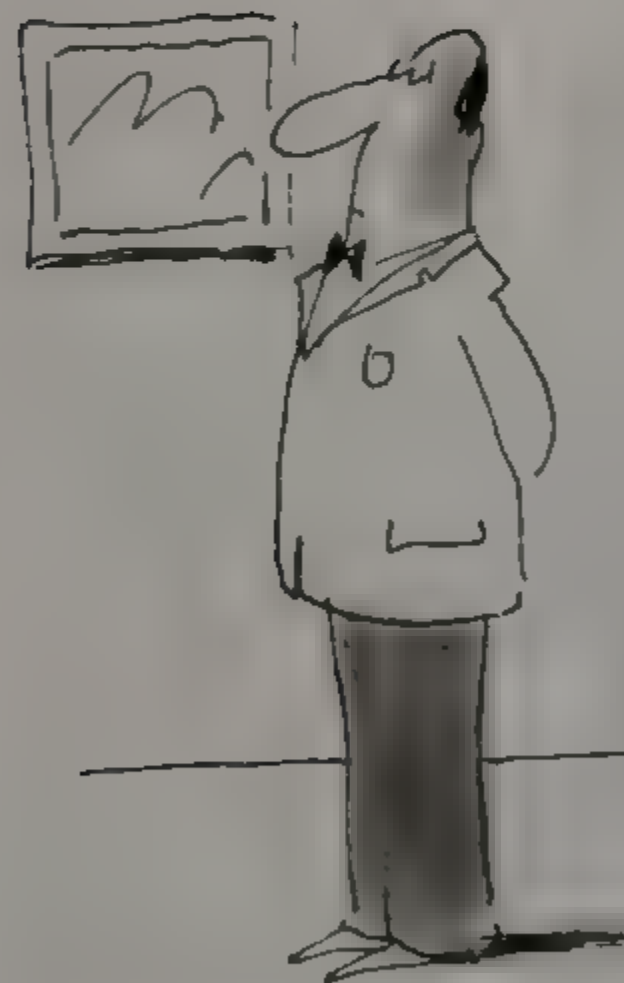




**THE
WHOLE
ROLL
DUMP**

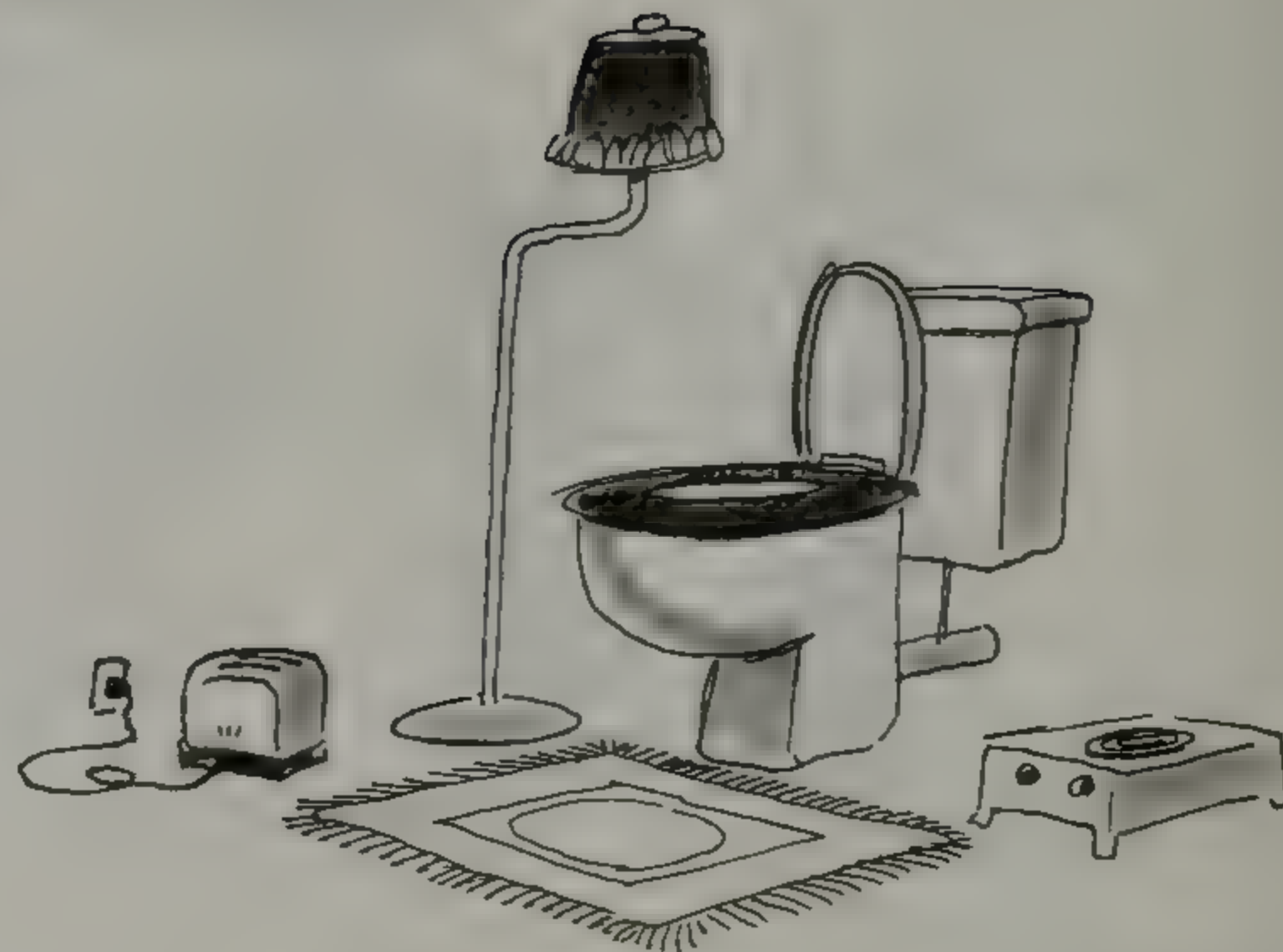
You flush the dump, and the swirling motion of the receding bowl water forces the dump to the porcelain sides, scraping a creative squiggle on its way down. You flush again but the curlicue hangs in there. Love it or leave it, your choice.





**THE
GRAFFITI
DUMP**

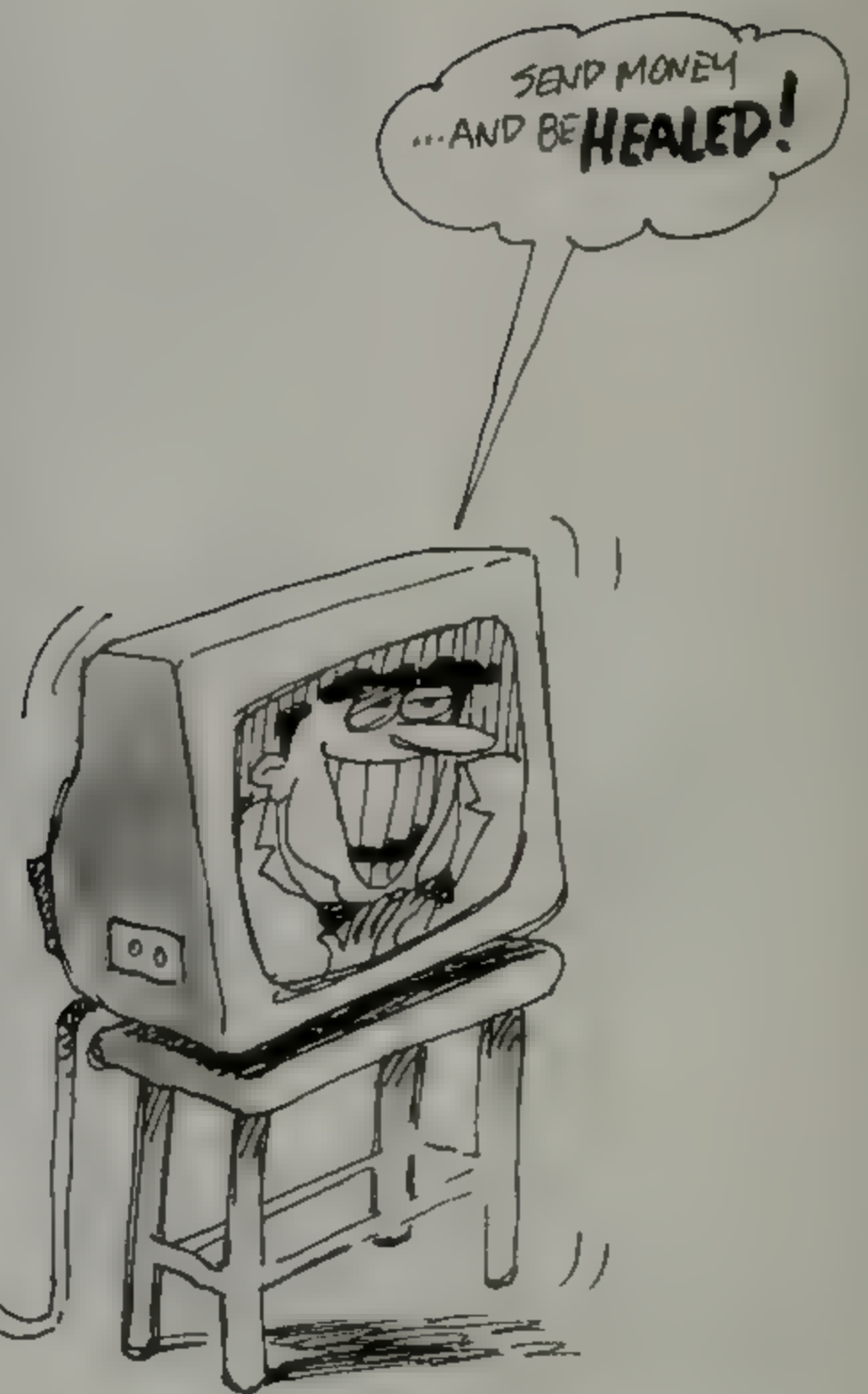
Ahh, you're done. So you wipe, put yourself together, wash your hands and are about to vacate the bathroom when you feel another dump coming. You have to go for a curtain call. The world's record is 7.





THE ENCORE DUMP

This is a dump that's going so badly, you say "Lord, if I live through this, I'll take up religion!" You always get through it, but seldom keep the promise, because a Born Again Dump is like childbirth, you forget the pain quickly.





**THE
BORN
AGAIN
DUMP**

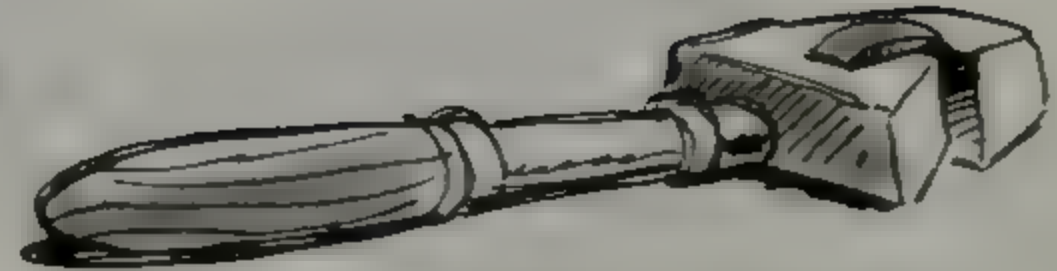
This is truly one of the sublime primal pleasures in our fast paced technological world. All you need is a good breakfast and a pot of coffee to get things started. It's Sunday; you can relax and retire to the bathroom, a big thick paper tucked under your arm. You spread out all the sections and plant yourself on the porcelain throne. Take some liesurely hours dumping and reading. You'll be a better person for it.





THE SUNDAY PAPER DUMP

Any dump that requires the use of professional services - plumbing, pipe fitting, welding, tiling or janitorial assistance.





THE PLUMBER'S DUMP

Somebody forgets to put the seat down. It's late, you're sleepy or it's dark, and you plant your warm tush on the arctic cold bowl. You didn't think you could move that fast as you almost hit the ceiling.

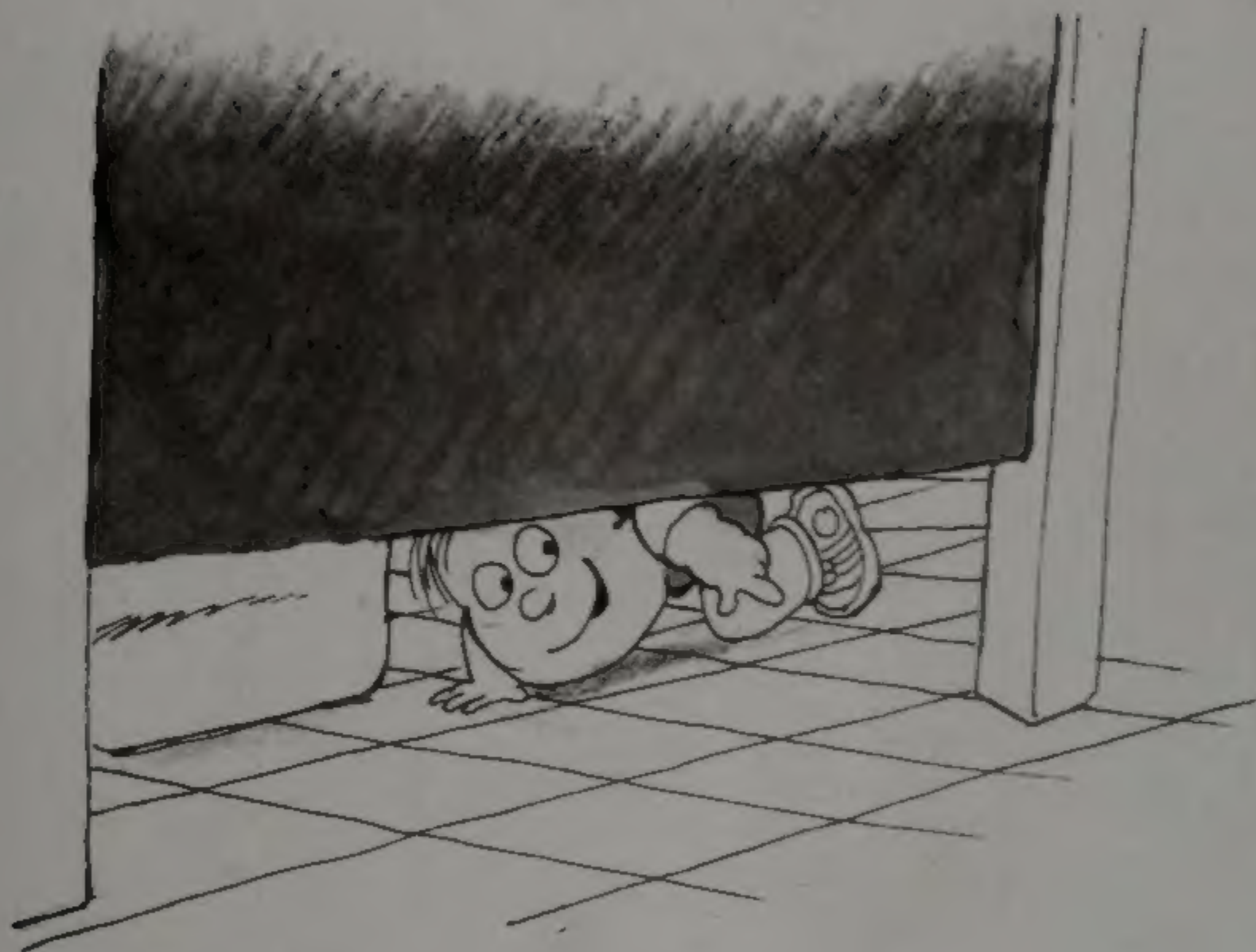




THE ICEBERG DUMP

"Look mama, lady do Poo-Poo" ...
The little toddler in the next stall
has poked his inquisitive head
under the partition and is point-
ing at you. You cringe, but don't
panic, and reach slowly into your
pocketbook and give the little
dear some lipstick to eat.





**THE
PEEK-A-BOO
DUMP**

OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE:

TRADE PAPERBACK BOOKS

T24000 Sex On Your Birthday
 T24020 Confessions From Bathroom
 T24030 Good Bonking Guide
 T24040 Sex Slave
 T24060 World's Sex Records
 T24070 40: The Big Four-Oh
 T24080 30: The Big Three-Oh
 T24090 50: The Big Five-Oh
 T24110 Geriatric Sex Guide
 T24120 Golf Shots
 T24150 Birthdays Happen
 T24160 Absolutely Worst Fart
 T24170 Women Over 30 Are Better
 T24180 9 Months in Sac
 T24190 Cucumbers Are Better
 T24210 Honeymoon Guide
 T24220 Eat Yourself Healthy
 T24230 Sex After 40?
 T24240 Sex After 50?
 T24250 Women Over 40 Are Better
 T24260 Women Over 50 Are Better
 T24270 Over The Hill
 T24280 Beer Is Better
 T24290 Married to a Computer
 T24300 Sex After 30?
 T24310 Happy B'day Old Fart
 T24320 Big Weenies
 T24340 Sex And Marriage
 T24350 Baby's First Year
 T24360 How To Love A New Yorker
 T24370 The Retirement Book
 T24380 Dog Farts

T24390 Handling His Mid-Life Crisis
 T24400 How To Love A Texan
 T24410 Bedtime Stories...Kitty
 T24420 Bedtime Stories...Doggie
 T24430 60 With Sizzle!
 T24440 The Wedding Night
 T24450 Woman's Birthday Wish
 T24460 The PMS Book
 T24470 The Pregnant Father
 T24480 Games Play In Bed
 T24490 The Barf Book
 T24500 How To Pick Up Girls
 T24510 How To Pick Up Guys
 T24520 Driving Amongst Idiots
 T24530 Beginner's Sex Manual
 T24540 Get Well
 T24550 Unspeakably Rotten
 Cartoons
 T24560 For A Million Bucks...
 T24570 Hooters
 T24580 Adult Connect the Dots
 T24590 Once Upon A Mattress
 T24600 Golfing Amongst Idiots
 T24610 Marry Me, Marry Me
 T24620 Smokers Are People, Too
 T24630 Butts & Buns
 T24640 101 Drinking Games
 T24650 Do-It-Yourself Guide To Safe
 Sex
 T24660 A Connoisseur's Guide To
 Intimate Apparel
 T24680 Great Proposals
 T24690 Hunks
 T24700 How To Find A Man & Get
 Married In 30 Days

T24710 A Student's Guide To Farting
 T24720 Party Games...30 Year Olds
 T24730 Party Games...40 Year Olds
 T24740 Party Games...50 Year Olds
 T24850 How To Stop Aging At 30
 T24860 How To Stop Aging At 40
 T24870 How To Stop Aging At 50
 T24880 Cats Are Better Than Men

FUN BOOKS

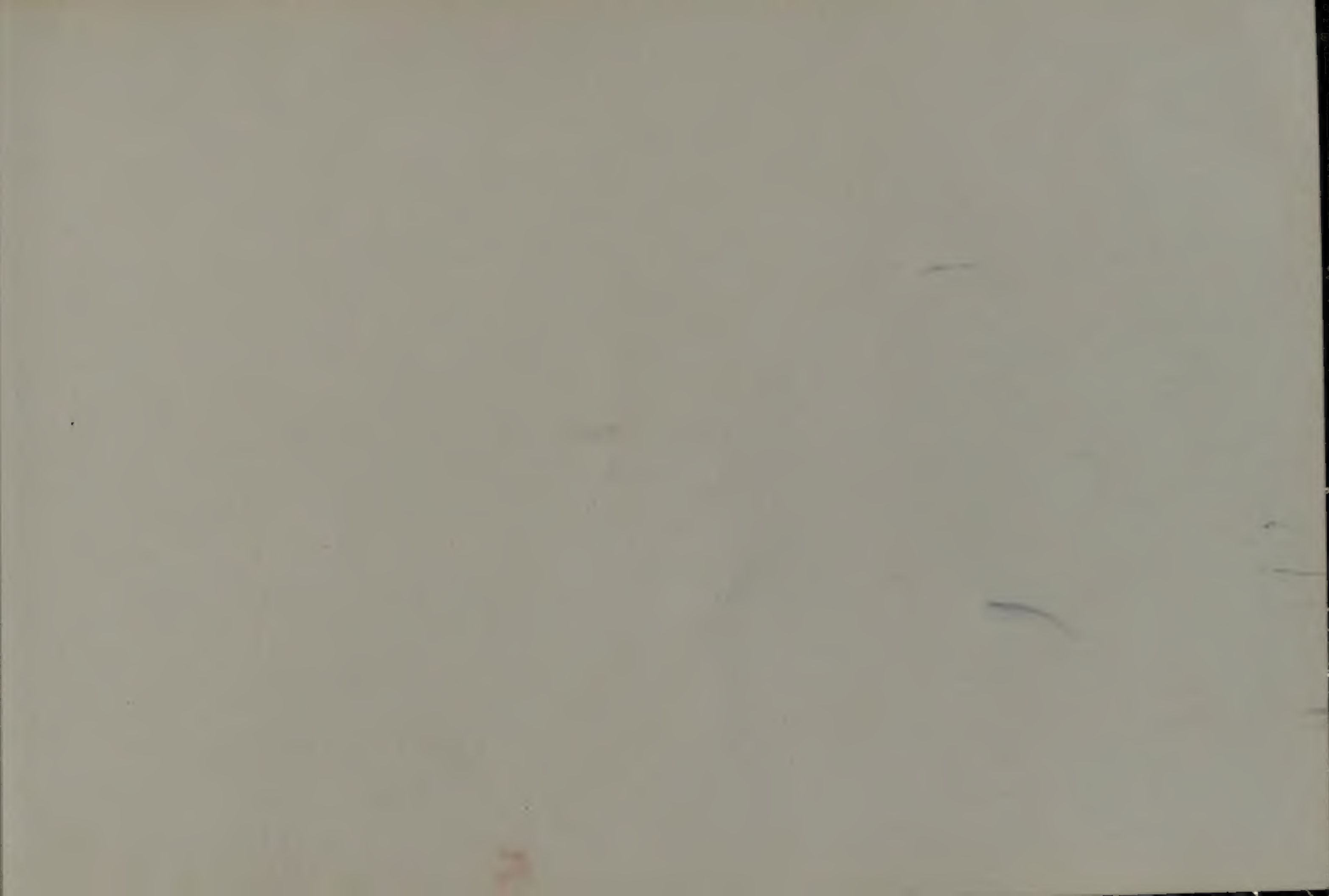
T20260 Games Play In Bed
 T20340 You're Over 40 When...
 T20420 Cucumbers Are Better
 T20640 Wedding Night
 T20670 It's Time To Retire When...
 T20680 Sex Manual...Over 30
 T21020 You're Over 50 When...
 T21270 Your Golf Game
 T21310 The Fart Book
 T21360 The Shit List
 T21660 Survived Catholic School
 T21770 You're Over The Hill
 T21800 Italian Sex Manual
 T21810 Jewish Sex Manual
 T21920 You're Over 30 When...
 T21950 Beer Is Better
 T22030 The Last Fart Book
 T22050 Sex After 40?
 T22100 Sex After Marriage?
 T22130 Women Over 50 Are Better
 T22170 Sex After 50?
 T22240 Big Weenie
 T22250 Women Over 40 Are Better
 T22260 C.R.S.
 T22270 Happy Birthday/Year Older

T22280 Hooked on Fishing When
 T22290 You're A Redneck
 T22330 Small Busted Women
 T22340 You're Over 60
 T22350 You Know You're Over 70
 T22360 Nose Picker's Guide
 T22370 55 & Picking Up Speed
 T22400 Dumb Men Jokes
 T22410 Cats Are Better Than Men
 T22420 Working Woman's Doodle
 T22430 Working Man's Doodle
 T22440 Words of Wisdom
 T22450 Potty Potpourri

HARDCOVER BOOKS

T23510 Computers
 T23520 Cats
 T23530 Tennis
 T23540 Bowling
 T23550 Parenting
 T23560 Fitness
 T23570 Golf
 T23580 Fishing
 T23590 Bathrooms
 T23600 Biking
 T23610 Running
 T23620 Skiing
 T23630 Doctors
 T23640 Lawyers
 T23650 Teachers
 T23660 Nurses
 T23670 Firefighters
 T23680 Marines

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FROM THE

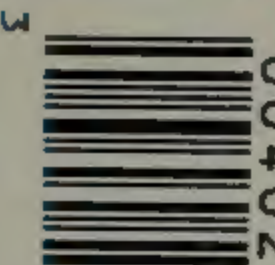
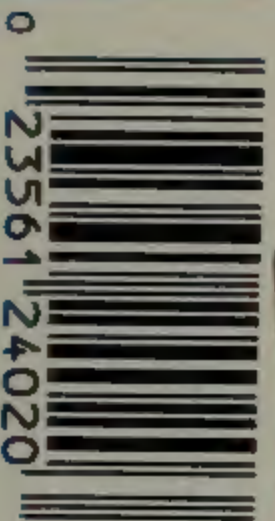
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